Englands vvelcome

TO

Iames *by the grace of God, King of* England, Scotland, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c.

Wherein is shewed her zealous loue, and reuerent dutie to her Soueraigne.

Composed into three Cantos.

LONDON,
Printed for E. VV. and C. K. 1603.



The Authors encouragement not to be diſcomforted for the follie of euery finde-fault.

IF men may credit auncient writs,
or nouels great of fame,
Or wander ſafelie through the ſtraites,
where Wiſedome winnes her name:

Or if deedes done in former daies,
may haue ſome freſh attyre:
To make the Reader arme himſelfe,
a new with freſh deſire:

Or if that Poets pennes, may winne
ſuch profit for their paine,
As elder daies did gladlie yeeld,
as guerdon for their gaine,

Or if that praiſes ſpoke in right,
and glorie of a King:
Vnto the Author breed no ſpight,
but true æternizing:

Then haue I hit the white
where-at ten thouſand ſhootes
If acceptance be the leaues,
and gratitude the roote.

An encouragement to the Author.

For why ſuch Daſtards as doe doubt,
the noyſe of ratling Drum:
By my conſent ſhall neuer be,
prefer'd to Captaines roome.

For he that doubts annoy,
before his ſute begin:
May lump in bogue with countrie Kate,
when ventrous Ladies win.

So he that ſpares the poole to lade,
can hardly come by fiſh:
Nor he that ſtill conceales his griefe,
can euer win his wiſh.

Nor yet the Meacocks minde,
that's drownde in ſelfe conceit,
Can euer ſcale *Pernaſſus* Tops,
although the pathe be ſtraight.

So he that feares the ſtumpe,
of euery lefting ſwaine:
Conceales the pride of natures gifts,
and ſpends his time in vaine.

Each writer muſt be arm'd,
to beare and brooke a ſcoffe:
And as it is by follie giuen,
with wiſdome ſhake it off.

Diſpaire not for a ſcorne,
leane ſtill on patience ſtaffe:
For *Pallas* clearkes are ſifted out,
as Corneis from the Chaffe.

Striue

An encouragement to the Author.

Striue thou with all thy ſtrength,
the golden meane to keepe:
Pleaſe thou the good, and let the reſt
in ſcorners ſaddle ſleepe.

Let all the raſh rewardes,
not make thee ill apaide:
Thy worke ſhall keepe thy fame aliue,
when they full lowe are laide.

And children yet vnborne,
ſhall deſcant on thy deeds,
With treble bleſſings to the ground,
that bare ſuch happie ſeeds.

Grudge not to looſe an inch,
ſo thou maiſt gaine an ell:
Feare not at all the fooles reproofe,
if wiſe-men like thee well.

Thou muſt be bought and ſolde,
by diffe: ence of delightes:
Some laude the life of bloudy *Mars*,
ſome reuerence carpet Knights.

Some honor loue, ſome loath her lawe,
ſome muſicke doe eſteeme:
Some hunt, ſome hauke, with ſeuerall ſports
ſuch as they deereſt deeme.

Giue euery man his ſcope,
to loue what he likes beſt:
Weake is the worke that willing mindes
make not a welcome gueſt.

An encouragement to the Author.

Leaue off thy hope to please,
both Court and countrie too;
Or else thou tak'it in hand a worke,
that Christ could neuer doe.

Driue from thy studie slouth,
with paine be busie still:
So shall thy wants be all excus'd,
and guarded with good wil.

FINIS.

An Epitaph vpon the death of our late Soueraigne Ladie, of famous memory Queene Elizabeth.

ALL dames that euer triumpht in ioy,
With sorrowfull hearts come waile ye.
Your pleasant Songs may turne to sobbes,
No sighings can preuaile you:
A Diamond flower of late ye lost,
Whose loyall heart was kept with cost,
For euer let fame her name go boast.

Shee makes me sigh when I should sleepe,
With blubberd teares lamenting,
No earthly ioy can profer'd be,
To my poore hearts contenting:
But still, and still in sorrow I say,
A precious pearle is turn'd to clay,
Whose vertues flourisht as flower in May.

This wretched life compar'd may be,
Vnto the flowers springing,
Or to the bird on lofty bush,
That surged notes is singing:
Yet in the minute of an houre,
The fowler doth her breath deuoure,
And life retaines no longer power.

The fragrant flower that euer did grow,
The beauty will be fleeting,
The brauest branch that euer did blow,
With Sythe sometimie is meeting:
The stoutest heart that ere was borne,
Hath been disgrac't and left forlorne,
Death holdes all golden gifts in scorne.

What though her mortall shape be gone?
Her memorie resteth behinde her:
Deseruing praise of worthy dames,
That many a day will minde her.
Then though her corpes be shrin'd in clay,
And death hath rest her hence away,
Her noble fame shall liue for aye.

Virtute excepta, concedunt omnia fato.

FINIS.

God ſaue

I In memorable braſſe let there be writ
A An euerlaſting ſtorie of a King:
M Maruell of men! wonder of chiefeſt wit!
E Eternall glorie doth to England bring.
S So let his ſtile be fram'd, and he be laid,
E Englands true King, ſucceſſor of a Maide.

K Know forraigne powers: Englands true loyaltie,
I Is bent in ſeruice to her Soueraigne King:
N Nor ſhal the fierce allar'ms, nor frowne of enemy
G Giue alteration, or daunted courage bring.
O O no, ſhe ſhall, firſt in a ſcarlet flood,
F Fight to the lips, with loſſe of deareſt blood.

E Euen as the day which firſt proclaim'd his name,
N Neuer as yet did ſeeme to make an end:
G Glorious with bon-fires pyl'd on ſtatelieſt frame,
L Lookt like the morning, the Sun, the night: which
A A quiet raigne, & happy to our King: (did pretend
N Neare ceaſing loyes and his æternizing.
D Do therefore England, marching in ſtately traines,
E Englands true Leige-lord, welcome bid (King
(Iames.)

God ſaue King Iames.

THE COPIE OF the K. Maieſties letter to the L. Maior of the Citie of London, and to the Aldermen and Commons of the ſame.

TRuſtie and welbeloued, *Wee greete you heartily well. Being informed of your great forwardneſſe in that iuſt and Honourable action of proclaiming vs your Soueraigne Lord and King, immediatly after the deceaſe of our late deareſt ſiſter the* Queene,

wherein you haue giuen a ſingular good proofe of your ancient fidelitie (a reputation hereditarie to that our Citie of London, beeing the Chamber of our Imperiall Crowne, and euer free from all ſhadowes of tumultuous and vnlawfull courſes:) We could not omit with all the ſpeed wee might poſsible, to giue you hereby a taſte of our thankefull minde for the ſame: And withall, aſſurance that you cannot craue any thing of vs fit for the maintenance of you all in generall, and euery one of you in particuler, but it ſhalbe moſt willingly performed by vs, whoſe ſpeciall care ſhall euer be to prouide for the continuance and increaſe of your preſent happines: Deſiring you in the meane time to goe conſtantly forward in doing all and whatſoeuer things you ſhall finde neceſſary

ceſſary or expedient for the good gouernment of our ſaid Citie in execution of Iuſtice, as you haue bene in vſe to doe in our ſaid deareſt Sisters time, till our pleaſure be further knowen vnto you.

Thus not doubting but you will do as ye may be fully aſſured of our gracious fauour towards you in the higheſt degree, we bid you heartily farewell.

Halirudhouſe *the* 28. *of March.* 1603.

Iames R.

To our truſtie and welbeloued Robert Lee *L. Maior of our Citie of* London, *and to our welbeloued the Aldermen and Commons of the ſame.*



Englands vvelcome

TO

Iames *by the grace of God, King* of England, Scotland, France and *Ire*-land, defender of the faith, &c.

Canto. 1.

EVen as a widdow hauing loſt her ſpouſe,
Doth cloſe her mourning thoughts in ſable hew,
So was't with me when I loſt my repoſe,
My ſole defendreſſe hauing bid adew;
My adamantine rocke, which was ſo true.
For like a widdow mourning for her mate,
I hung my head, my trembling ſence did ſhake.

I was affraide, yet knew not what to feare,
A chilling tremor did poſſeſſe my bones;
I ſtood ſtill, yet ſtill I naught could heare,
Which did augment my mourning and my mones,
And made me ſigh with many ſorrowing grones.
Muſing vpon my ſtate, I heard one ſing,
Cheare vp thy heart, for thou ſhalt haue a King.

This vnexpected voice piere'd through my eares,
And made a passage to my sorrowing hart:
Where it was mourning, circumcinct with feares,
Lamenting wofullie his maisters smart,
As one being smitten with a poysoned Dart.
The voice amaz'd it, it gaz'd on the voice,
The voice spake thus, and bid my heart reioyce.

What though thy Prince, haue had a prosperous raigne,
Thou must not thinke for euer t'enioy one Prince:
What though in peace, she did thee long maintaine,
(Peace-giuing God can giue an other Prince,
And he shall be a Noble vertuous Prince,
Which shall in wealth, in loue, in truth, and peace,
Encrease thy ioyes, encreasing still, increase.

Long maist thou loy, and he a Prince may be,
Whose Scepter swayes the glory of thy land:
Whose Sun-like beames, *Europe* shall shining see,
Vpholding Englands good with happie hand,
Glorious adornment, of th' peacefull land;
His states most state-like each in his degree,
Shall grac'd be by his gracious Maiestie.

And he himselfe, grac'd by the Gods aboue,
With learning by (*loues* of spring richly dight)
His minde hath beautified, with wisdomes loue,
Pale endu'd him: *Ioue* whome all men dread,
(As all men ought that mighty King to dread,)
All other graces which could wished be,
Hath dew'd in plenty on his maiesty.

Cease

Ceaſe to lament encounter griefe with ioy,
And thou ſhalt quickely haue the vpper hand:
Ioy in thy King and thinke it is a ioy,
To haue a vertuous Prince gouerne thy land:
Which ſhall againſt all forraine foes withſtand:
This hauing ſaid quite vaniſht was the voyce,
I rouz'd me vp my heart begun t' reioyce.

Yet ſtill I ſtai'd, and feard it was a dreame,
Me thought it was too pleaſing to be true:
I look't about, (as gazing on a ſtreame,
Ones eyes are dazled with the ſliding view,
Seeing the water heere, was there but new)
So were my eyes, I naught diſtinct could ſee:
My eyes were in my minde, minde in my eye.

Long had I not thus look't with mixed dine,
When loe, I ſaw faſt fixed on a poaſt
A long broade ſcroule, in Proclamation prine,
And Nobles names vpon it were imboſt,
Which did adorne the paper, it the poaſt,
I ſtarted vp thinking to reade the names:
When vnderneath I ſaw, *God ſaue King Iames.*

I trembling ſtood, as one was ſtill in feare,
I gaz'd about as one was ſtill amaz'd:
Vntill a wel-tun'd concord I might heare,
With one conſent and ſtill one name they praiſ'd,
And ſtill made me in feare, which was amaz'd.
I drew me neere to heare what they did ſing,
I heard them ſing King *Iames*, God ſaue our King.

Then as the widdow I reioyc't a freſh,
And quite forgot the ſorrow I was in:
When ſhe is tempt with frailty of the fleſh,
To take new husband, new loyes to begin,
And hauing taine him being trick and trim,
As ſhe is gladſome on her wedding day,
So I reioyc't hearing them thus to ſay.

No ſooner had I with mind-caſting counts,
Ponder'd his title, and his true deſcent,
His Noble vertues, each other to ſurmount:
In high'ſt degree, in ſtriuing conflict bent,
His gratious wiſdome and his gouernment.
But as the Sun enſeweth ſtill the raine,
My heart did leape and ſo reioyc't againe.

No ſooner had my of-ſpring heard t'was true,
It had pleaſ'd God giue them a gratious King,
When each in pompe, and each in publike view,
His royall name which did this comfort bring:
With one aſſent concordingly did ſing,
My greater powers in ſtate, which ſtate proclaimes,
With caps vp throwne, *God ſaue our King, King Iames.*

Thus loue and duety tooke each others parts,
They ſhew'd their dutie in obedience,
Loue ſhew'd it ſelfe within their ioyful hearts,
(As when in loue, with a ſelfe feeling ſence,
The Louer giues his loue preheminence.)
So did my people ioyfullie reioyce:
Lauding their King with one concording voice.

The little birds proude of this vnitie,
Begun to tune their chirping ſiluer'd notes,
The lofty trees glad of their harmonie,
Did entertaine them in their new greene coats,
Sending foorth muſicke from melodious throats.
The tree's adorn'd the birds, the birds the trees,
Who flockt into them (as a ſwarme of Bees.)

Which lately hauing left their wonted hiue,
Partly for noueltie, and parte for loue:
For loue, to let the little yonglings thriue:
(Which doth in Bees a kindely nature prooue)
Themſelues into ſome other place remooue.
Where on ſome buſhe, or clagging on ſome tree,
They doe remaine, till they new hyued bee.

As flew the Bees in ſwarmes, ſo did the birds,
For they came flocking to thee (all haile ſing trees)
As flee the Bees, their hiue, ſo did the birds,
They left the eaſings, when paſt were colde degrees
Of ſnowy winter, and congealed freeze.
And ſinging ſet in trees, *welcome thou ſpring:*
The ſpringing happines of (Iames *our King.*)

Like trees, and Birds, ſo did Dame *Tellus* too,
For ſhe put on her naturall ornaments,
As when her louer comes her for to wooe:
She decks her ſelfe in richeſt complements:
And doth perfume her breath with ſweeteſt ſents,
So did ſhe now, for this was in the ſpring,
And in her pride ſhe went to mecte our King.

I gladſome was to ſee her loyall roabe,
Her ſpangled garments, and her light-ſome cheare;
(As in a froſtie night, within the globe
A glorious ſighe of bright-ſome ſtarres appeare,
Who with their twinckling ſtemme now there, now here:)
So was her kirtle all imbrodring ſet,
Heere, with a primroſe: there, a violet.

Her other ornaments be ſuited this,
For ſhe was Prince-like in her chiefeſt prime;
Her ſweet perfumes ſhe ſtill did ſeeme to kiſſe,
As being glad they in ſo fit a time
Came to adorne her; that in pompe and prime,
With her delights, ſhe might new pleaſures bring,
And be a ioyance to (*King* Iames *our King.*)

The modeſt Muſes tended on her grace,
The Graces round about her ſeem'd to ſing,
The friſking Fayries daunc'd their rounds apace,
The melodie was ſuch the place did ring:
Their Song they ſung was ſtill (*God ſaue the King.*)
Amongſt the reſt, I gladdeſt of the reſt,
Tun'd vp my Lute, and ſung amongſt the beſt.

A

A Sonnet.

LEt Phœbus in his brighteſt rayes.
Tune vp Apollos voice,
Let mortals in theſe happie daies
With gladſome hearts reioyce:
With one conſent let vs all ſay,
Of late there hap't a happie day:
Therefore reioyce, reioyce therefore, reioyce & ſing,
For it hath pleaſ'd God to giue vs a King.

Let all the true and noble hearts,
Wherewith England abounds:
Vnto their King, of rareſt parts,
Be loyall ſubiects found.
Sing they melodious harmony,
Sing welcome, welcome hartily,
Therefore reioyce, reioyce therefore, reioyce and ſing,
For it hath pleaſ'd God to giue vs a King.

The

The ſecond Canto.

AS I was ſinging thus with cheerefull voice,
The Anticke voice appeares, which earſt appear'd,
England, quoth ſhe, ſeeing thou haſt chiefeſt choyce
Of true Nobilitie and gallant Peeres,
Why doſt forget to recompence their cares;
Who with their wiſedome and their pollicie,
Kept thee in peace, being in miſerie.

If that their wiſedomes had not well fore-ſeene,
Thy dangers eminent being in diſtreſſe,
When thou hadſt loſt thy lateſt Soueraigne Queene;
Plunging in woe, wayling in wretchednesſe,
Lamenting ſtill thy late loſt Gouerneſſe:
Thou mighteſt haue falne to ſome ſeditious hand,
Which would haue rac'd thy name and ſpoil'd thy land.

Perhaps thou may'ſt thus fooliſhly reply,
(They knew my King had right and tytle good:)
Therefore I might liue in ſecuritie,
Seeing that there was no feare of ſhedding blood;
The way to his ſucceſſion plainly ſtood.
If thou ſayſt thus, thou proou'ſt thy ſelfe vnwiſe,
For he that hath leaſt right will ſooneſt riſe.

For he whoſe tytle is direct and plaine,
And needes no varniſhing to ſet it out;
And hath a ſpotleſſe minde, free from diſdaine,
And liues ſecure, not hauing cauſe to doubt,

And

And feares no feare-full foes, nor raſcall routes;
He ſooneſt is deceiu'd, and ſooneſt harm'd:
For being ſet on, he is found vnarm'd.

When as the proude. ſet in ambitious throane,
Which by vnlurping haue obtain'd a crowne:
Are ſtill in feare, neuer are left alone,
But are perſu'd with dangers vp and downe,
Byting their lips for anger, then they frowne;
Bending their browes, thinking't a helliſh thing,
They cannot liue as ſafe, as lawfull King.

But theſe I ſay like to a watchfull ſnake,
Neuer dare ſleepe but with one open eye:
For euery doubt, doth make their ſences quake,
And feare doth force them oft t'vſe crueltie,
And ſtill perſeuer in their tyranie.
For euery bud which may but danger bring,
They nip it off when't is in tender ſpring.

Thus feare at al times, armed is with force,
When ſweet ſecurity, is ſtill vnarm'd.
And tyrants ſeldome euer brooke remorſe,
When they may gaine by others that are harm'd,
They care not who be colde, ſo they be warm'd.
And therefore England thou haſt cauſe to grace,
Thoſe Noble Peeres, which did this feare deface.

She hauing ſaid, I look't, and turn'd me round,
When preſently the voyce that ſpoke was gone:
I cal'd a Iury, and I guilty found
My ſelfe: which careleſly had left vndone,
Thoſe worthy praiſes, which I ought t'haue done.

Vnto those worthyes, which proclaim'd my King:
Then tooke my Lute, and thus againe did sing.

A Sonnet.

ALL those which late were wrapt in woe,
With wyfull hearts let them come sing:
Their passed griefe, and care let goe,
Let them reioyce they haue a King.
Let them say with one wyfull heart,
Vertue, and wisedome shines in Court.

Let them giue praises to our Peeres,
Which thus haue so'w'd their wisedomes skill:
Which haue abandon'd gastly feares,
And fram'd each thing euen to our will.
Let them say with ioy and mirth,
Begladsome of bright wisedomes birth.

Let them giue praise to pollicie,
Which did fore-cast whas should betide:
And let them in their iollicie,
And in the prime of all their pride,
Giue chiefest praise to chiefest wit,
Let them annex iudgements to it.

Let them giue praise vnto the olde,
Whose grand experience makes them graue:
Whose noble vertues shine like golde,
Or sparkling Diamond glistring braue.
Let this be song sans flatterie,
For't longs to our Nobilitie.

Long

Long had I not thus prais'd my happie state,
When I was interrupted once againe,
I then grew angrie, curſing cruell fate,
Which would not let me make my pleaſures plaine,
I looke about with furious diſdaine.
When I behelde (the voice) in angry wiſe,
Which crying ſaid England thou art not wiſe.

Thou art as brutiſh now as beaſtly ſwine,
Which vnder the broad Beech eates vp her maſts
Yet to the top their eyes doe neu'r incline,
Looking from whence it falles; they eate ſo faſt;
This ſimilye before my eyes ſhe caſt.
England (ſaith ſhe) giue but attentiue eare,
And in an other tune thou ſhalt me heare.

The third Canto in a differing verſe.

THen graſping hard my conſcience by the hand,
England (quoth ſhe) tho'art now in happie eaſe
Thou haſt a vertuous King t'gouerne thy land,
And graueſt wiſedome flowes in euerie place.
Thou doſt reioyce and to them praiſes ſing,
Yet doſt forget the giuer of thy King.

Gods Sonne, his fathers glorious ſhine, who raignes
In ſtatelie throne, earthes peop, heauens mightie ſtay;
Whome furies feare, and deuils in dragging chaines,
Whome men, and beaſtes, and Angels bright obay.
Twiſe borne, who as a Gyant tooke his race,
From heauen; was borne for thee, in ſtable baſe.

He laide in cribbe new borne, thy ſtate lamented,
He wept for thee, yfram'd of lumpiſh clay;
His head, which earth and haughtie heauen inuented,
In ſtable vile on ſtonie pillow lay.
Thy King, heauens Queene, in homelie cloutes did holde,
Not wrapt in roabes be-wrought with wouen golde.

According to the law the Octane day,
His tender fleſh with knife of ſtone was ſhed:
The auncient ryte, he would not diſobay;
For thee with paine his purple bloud was ſhed.
He death of death, and conquerour of ſinne,
Thy ſauing health at firſt did thus beginne.

Through tyrantes rage he could not reſt in manger,
Ambition powred out a bloudie ſhower;
He fled through deſarts wilde, a wandring ſtranger,
Exylde to *Egypt* in his tender flower.
From cribbe to caue he toyl'd to *Nilus* ſtrand,
And thence with paine reiourn'd to *Iewiſh* land.

What did he heere? his parentes he obayes;
He wept for thee, he watched night and day:
With eyes and handes to heauen vp-throwne he prayes
He fought no pompe, no reſt, no earthlie ſway.
His light, his life, his deedes did others teach,
Vntill ſuch time as he muſt goe to preach.

Where

Where is his home? where is a place of reſt
Repoſ'd for him wherein to lay his head?
The little bird can frame a quiet neſt,
The wylie Fox can haunt a reſting ſtead.
From cribbe to croſſe, whiles breath in him remaines,
He found no reſt, but trouble, toyle and paines.

This King, thy prieſt, and Prince of happie peace,
Through *Iewrie* land did trauell too and fro:
To cure both ſicke and ſore, he did not ceaſe,
No raging ſtorme could hinder him to go.
Where he might worke his fathers worthy will,
And with lifes foode might ſoule and body fill.

An Angels trumpe from heauen proclaim'd his name
Ieſus, who came loſt *Adams* impes to ſaue;
Whoſe wondrous actes deſerues eternall fame,
He *Lazarus* reuiued from the graue.
Whoſe ſtincking coarſe, and rotten carkas colde,
Foure daies and nights was couered in the molde.

What ſhall I ſpeake of other dead, reuiued?
Or make rehearſall of ſuch obiects fere?
Of blind and lame, of ſence and ſight depriued,
He made the dumbe to ſpeake, and deafe to heare.
He, fowle infected ſoules from ſinne did cure,
And vgly vlcer'd Leapers cleanſed pure.

When waking waues, and winds would ouerthrow,
The ſhaking ſhips amid the Seas vnſtaſt:
He cauſ'd the ſturdie ſtormes to ſtoope below,
And ſaued ſhips and men like to be loſt.
He made the lame, in leaping beare his bed,
And with fiue loaues, two fiſh, fiue thouſand fed.

He, water wan conuerted into wine,
He daunted deuills, and furies put to flighe,
He for thy sake did let them strangle swine,
He taught all sorts of men to follow light.
His workes within no leaues can be enrould,
The ample world his wonders cannot hould.

Doe what he could, his actions did displease,
His worthy words incurred spotlesse blame:
No Angell tongue their malice could appease,
They forged crymes, and fained lyes did frame.
They merciles will kill their louing King,
Who came to shrow'd them vnder mercies wing.

Loth childe, hells slaue, Deuils guest, did him betray,
For thee, that Lambe was traterously solde:
The *Ethnish* dogges, and Iewes haule him away,
They whip him bound vnto a piller colde.
The mightie maule of death, diuell, hell and sinne,
By coined lyes, is falsely compast in.

His fathers wisedome, diuine truth is taken,
God and man, heauens lamp and glorious light,
Is of his owne deciples deare forsaken,
Is bound and led away as theefe by night,
He whipped is and beat, till from the crowne,
To'th ground red streames of blood distilled downe.

Stout *Gedons* Trumpets kept the dreadfull sound,
His brickle Lanthornes broken, shined bright:
But Christ his trumpe lay smothered in the ground,
The lamps of light and truth did lacke their light.
When Iewes their Maister bound away had led,
Th'Apostles into hollowe caues are fled.

Now

Now Peters lofty vaints and braggs are knowne,
That mightie mount is rent and ſhaken ſunder:
A maidens voice the fact hath ouerthrowne,
A Cocks third cry proclaimes the rocke brought vnder.
That ſiluer bell hath loſt it ſounding tung,
Which, all abroad with praiſe the Goſpell rung.

The Lambe of God to Pilats hall is brought,
His dome and iudgement, moſt vniuſt to haue:
Where fraud and falſe ſurmiſing witnes ſought,
His worthy words by wreſting to depraue.
They ſpit through ſpighte vpon his gracious face,
And they with blowes and buffets him diſgrace.

When Diuels, hell ſnakes, foule fends and furyes fell,
Had fil'd blaſphemous Iewes with poyſon rancke,
Then they with ſpighte, contempt and malice ſwell,
Within their hearts miſcheuous vennome ſancke.
They ſound theſe bloody words in Pilats hall,
We craue, naile him on croſſe before vs all.

They ſcoffe at him and laugh him vnto ſcorne,
And him as King in purple roabe array,
They ſpit, they ſpighte and crowne his head with thorne,
In ieſting wiſe on knees all hayle they ſay.
They force him alſo beare a heauie croſſe,
To th place where he redeemed Adams loſſe.

They hoyſe him vp vpon a filthie mount,
On croſſe both hand and foote they fixed ſure:
Betwixt two theeues whoſe worſe they him account,
Where he moſt bitter torments did endure.
If all the Martirs paines were put in one,
They all to this ſhould be eſteemed none.

He thirſting on the croſſe mans ſoule to ſaue,
Did faintingly ſeeme, to them for drinke to call:
They dreaming that indeed he drinke would haue,
In place thereof did proffer bitter gall.
Thus ſcru'd they him, who ſuffered for thy ſake,
The Lord of all who heauen and earth did make.

When this was done he yeelded vp the Ghoſt,
His ſoule he to his father did commend:
He offred vp himſelfe a ſacred hoaſt,
And ſo his glorious paſſion made an end.
All this he did for thee, yet thou vnkinde,
Haſt almoſt rac'd him quite out of thy minde.

When as the voice ended her long diſcourſe,
She gaue me leaue a little for to pauſe:
Then hauing ſtood a while, quite out of courſe
Was euery thing and I the chiefeſt cauſe.
Nature quite out of courſe, to checke my courſe,
Neglect her worke, to worke in me remorſe.

Then like a childe which hauing done amiſſe,
Doth trembling ſtand in feare of Maiſters rod:
So did I then: and gladly ſeem'd to kiſſe
The very path where I might praiſe my God.
And as the childe doth wiſh the deed vndone,
So did I wiſh I had with him begun.

The voice which then did lately ſeeme to chide,
Did change her chaunt, and did new comforts bring:
Saying oh England thou haſt time and tide,
As yet remaining for to praiſe heauens King
Take time by'th buſh that growes vpon his brow
For that being paſt, thou canſt not take him now.

And

And if thou ſlip'ſt him now, farewell my hope,
Thou ſhalt not haue occaſion like to this,
Nor (God knowes when) wherein will be ſuch ſcope,
And cauſe of comfort, where nothing is amiſſe.
Hauing wiſedomes wealth, vertues floriſhing,
Which makes thee happy through thy graue wiſe King.

Therefore to God, which thus hath been thy ſtay,
All honour giue, praiſe him eternally:
With hands and heart vp-throwne ſee thou doſt pray,
Giue typic laude vnto his Maieſtie.
Giue praiſe to God the giuer of thy King,
In glorying him, thou prayſeth ſtill thy King.

Then ceaſe to praiſe, and pray an other ſpace,
That God may graunt him long and happy daies:
And proſper all his vertues with his grace,
That all the world may teſtifie his praiſe.
And that hee'l ſend ſuch wiſedome from aboue,
That thou mayſt him in dutie ſerue, hee thee in loue.

This hauing ſaid, England (ſaid ſhe) adue,
Thinke on my words, be ſure when I am gone:
Giue God the praiſe, and thou ſhalt neuer rue;
For all enſuing dangers comming on,
He of his mercie will keepe from thy King,
If thou to him doſt onely glorie ſing.

With that I heard cæleſtiall harmonie,
The voice departed ſtraight into the ayre;
To heauen I thinke, for it was heauenlie,
Sweet of all ſweets, and fayreſt of all fayre.
Then I remembring what the voice had bod,
Sung theſe thankeſ-giuings to my liuing God.

A Song of thankes-giuing.

GOds name be glorifyed,
 w'ho with his heauenly might:
Hath hell, in chiefe and top of pride,
 put to a shamefull flight.
Who sent his onely Sonne,
 mans sinfull soule to saue:
Which here on earth a race did runne,
 (to some) a seruing slaue.

All glory be to God,
 which in my widdow-hood:
Sent me a husband and a King,
 to cheere my sorrowing moode.
I humbly therefore pray,
 with praises to thy name:
That he dayelly so may liue,
 his deedes may merit fame.

Powre downe thy heauenly dewe,
 guard him with gifties of grace:
And triple all his former yeares,
 to guide his Princely Mace.
Place truth amongst his traine,
 confound all traytrous mindes:
Amongst the commons plant true zeale,
 to doe as dutie bindes.

And lastly on my knees,
 I pray my heauenly God:
From worthy lames and from his Realme,
 to stay his wrathfull rod.
 God saue King lames.

FINIS.